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## Pensions Sought for Aged Agents . . . With Cloaks Too Tight, Daggers Dented

### Old CIA Spies Never Die, They Just Tire and Droop and Fly the Coup

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Washington—There is a bill in Congress described as the Central Intelligence Agency Retirement Act of 1963 for "Certain Employees. The Certain Employees are spies. It is the sort of thing to which the ordinary person probably never gives a thought, but on Capitol Hill a small band of humanitarians is worrying about it. What happens to old spies when the time comes, as it must to all men, when there is no longer any test for the day's coup?"

Who's not youthful. Whose cravings for action depart. Who, plotting a coup knows just what he must do. But finds he's reluctant to start.  
It makes a fairly heart-rending thought. There's James Bond, or at least his equivalent in the CIA, his trenchcoat now inadequately hiding the bulge at his waist, crouched behind a palmetto bush and reluctant to leave it to get out and egg on the revolutionaries.  
His hat can't quite hide his bifocals.  
A hairpiece resides under-

neath.  
And now he escapes from his various scrapes.  
By the skin of detachable teeth.  
Meanwhile, back at the hotel, a handsome girl waits, disenchanted. Some spy. Last night at Rick's—ahh, Rick's in the old days; things had been different then—he had overheard his whispered instruction to the bartender: "An eight-to-one martini, Jose; one part gin, eight parts Geritol."  
His Beretta tucked into his girdle.  
A knife in elasticized hose.  
He tracks down his clues (in his arch-support shoes),

As he matches tired wits with his foes.  
"It's the end of the road, Fogarty; you're all washed up. There's no room for tired spies in the CIA." It had come to that. The grey head bows. After all these years, after all those crummy places—Guatemala, South Vietnam, Cuba, the back alleys of half the world—all washed up. "Sorry, too old." "Sorry, were not hiring any spies to day." "Leave your number. If anything comes up, we'll let you know."  
Shed a tear for the agent who's aged.

Who finds that the grind casts a pall.  
Whose greatest delight when he's off for the night is to sit by the fire in his shawl.  
Well, it was all done now. The place is a sleazy waterfront bar somewhere in the sub-tropics. "Who sees the Gringo who sees all day weeth the cheap booze?" "You don't know? That ees Senor Fogarty. He was beeg spy wance weeth CIA. Now he joes seet there saying 'Shilling a day, blooming good pay, lucky to touch it, shilling a day.' 'That ees Kipling, no?' "No,

I theenk eet ees call' poverty." How poignant—this spy, once a master. Once nerveless when danger was rife. Now weakened and strained and all wince-wince-winded. And cast off in the sunset of life.  
But wait. What is this item in the newspaper? The House of Representatives has before it House Resolution 8427 "to provide for the establishment and maintenance of a Central Intelligence Agency retirement and disability system for a limited number of employees . . ." By George, Congress may make it pos-

sible for him to raise his head again yet. Maybe it is still not too late even—dare he hope? —to find Margaret again. Margaret and the kids. But that was a lot of drinks and girls ago.  
Let us pause to remember the agent.  
Whose talents by age are impaired.  
Just think, at his peak, what a consummate agent.  
Let him know by his pension you cared.  
But what's this letter from an anonymous CIA man that Congressman Allen Smith of California has read into the Congressional Record? ". . .

already employees in their 30s are making plans to get advanced degrees by going to night school, thereby lessening the effectiveness of their daily work, in order to get a better position outside when their 50th birthday comes around." His lip curled in a faint sneer; the old shop must be a changed place. Night school. In his day any spy worth his salt knew what the nights were for.  
With a barely perceptible nod he commanded a fresh drink. To hell with Margaret and the kids. Once a spy, always a spy.